

THE POST OFFICE. Remoied to the Frame Building, nearly opposite Mr. Holland's Boarding House.

For the Maryland Gazette. AMBITION.

Said by some one to be the bane of wise men, and the plague of fools; the ruin of thousands, the scourge of the human race. These, and other like qualities and features, have been freely bestowed upon it, and with some reason, when we take it in a restricted sense, and apply it to particular individuals. It is because we most generally couple with it the idea of a fallacious, or a Buonaparte, or some other equally fortunate and successful conqueror, whose name is transmitted to us with the dark catalogue of ruined millions. But this is only one species of ambition, that thirst after power and dominion, each acquisition only generating the desire of more. This species is, I know, richly deserving all our disapprobation, whether manifested in the crafty policy of a Louis the Eleventh, or in the more open and unguided course of a Charles the Bold. As an earthquake, or any other destructive phenomenon of nature, we should view the visitation as a curse, and remember them only in proportion to the destruction and ruin they have occasioned. But, as I have before remarked, this is only one species of ambition, the true meaning of which, is merely the desire of distinction. The student who spends his time in close and ardent study of the black letter of the law, is as much the subject of ambition as the soldier, who braves death at the cannon's mouth. Ambition is the same, though manifested in different ways. The courses pursued in the attainment of distinction, are as different as our ideas of true greatness. The ambition of one man is merely to be arbiter between individuals; another would dictate to the world; some prefer the fame of Demosthenes or Cicero; others that of Metetrnich; some again that of Coke or Lyttleton; and a few, of honest men. The life of man is so very short, and he being so very vainly of it, short as it is, we may be sure that any means of lengthening it would be gladly embraced; but as we know that in the course of nature death is the portion of us all, and that it is an impossibility to stay the fatal mandate, we very naturally embrace any means to prolong the existence of the only part that is capable of surviving us, our names, our memories. The idea of "sinking into nothing," speaking only in relation to this world, is disagreeable to every man; there is certainly no one that would be remembered; the characters they would leave behind them may be different; indeed this desire is so universally felt, and our every action, having generally some relation to this grand object, it might, with great reason be said to be a characteristic of the human family. Show me the man who is not, or never has been, content to live his day, pass as a mere breathing mass of clay through life; no wish to rise above his appointed lot; who would only die and be forgotten! Such a man would be as difficult to find now, as a priest in the Temple of Truth once was. I have no doubt that desire there are some daring, restive spirits, who Achilles like, they only for renown, willing to pay any price; these are they, who when misdirected, are invariably, cursed. But if this zealous pursuit after distinction, be trained in a proper course, be their ambition ever so ardent, instead of being a curse they prove to be a blessing. History furnishes us with many examples of this kind; a few short lines perpetuate their fame; for this they laboured, for this they suffered, and they have received their reward. But by far the greater part shun this rougher road to the temple of fame, choose smoother, though perhaps more tedious routes. The lawyer and the orator endeavour, by close and ardent study, to rear during life, such a monument, as shall perpetuate their name to future ages. The historian, by conferring this distinction upon persons and places, otherwise forgotten, by recording the deeds and actions of men long dead, thus otherwise neglected in the immemorial numbers that have existed since time began, hopes with their names to associate his own. The poet, by his glowing rhymes; the novelist, by his ingenious and pleasing fictions, the antiquarian, the theologian, each and all, hope, by endeavouring either to benefit or amuse, to live in the remembrance of succeeding ages. A great deal more might be said; we might notice that species which has only for its object that short-lived eminence that dies with its possessor; that transient distinction of wealth, personal appearance, &c. which we often see finely displayed in that class of feathered bipeds, the peacock, the penguin, the ostrich, the vulture, who hold the professors of the masters of the sublime sciences of tailoring and barbering in the highest estimation.

Maxim, May, 29th, 1828. I have not yet had an interview with the President, but shall to-morrow, when I shall settle all matters with him and return home. On my way here I had a most unpleasant and extremely dangerous adventure, but my good genius protected me as it has done on many other occasions. Traveling with a friend, and having no apprehension of danger, we were suddenly attacked by three banditti, being led by a gang of seven, well mounted, armed, with their faces blacked, and looking more like devils than human beings. We had merely time to form a line on one side of the road, while the other formed on the other. The battle commenced by their captain discharging his pistol at me at the distance of a few paces. I then fired and should have killed him had not his horse thrown up its head and received the ball in its neck. He in great rage fired again at the assassin me—by this time all the party of the banditti were discharged as well as those of my friends; one of my party was loaded and charged with my friend in among them; they fired and pursued, when the captain suddenly wheeled his horse, passed my friend and came directly at me with his cut-throat, I waited quietly and he came within six feet of me, when I shot him through the body; he fell on the neck of his horse and they both came to the ground together. His companions seeing this became intimidated, but after a little seeing an intention on their part to charge against me (my friend being occupied in finishing the captain who was not quite dead,) I seized a small fowling piece which was in the hands of my servant, and compelled them to retreat, until us masters of the field. We took possession of the captain's horse, arms, &c. and delivered them to the Alcalde or Magistrate of the next village, the village turned out armed and pursued, when soon meeting five of the gang they killed one of them. It was most fortunate circumstance for us that we did not fall in with the whole gang, if we had I should not now be able to tell the tale. My friend (Dr. Williams) received a severe sabre wound in his left arm.

STONE COAL. An extensive bed of stone coal has been discovered within three miles of the Ohio Canal, about three hundred feet above the canal lock No. 16, below the principal rise to the Potomac summit. This bed is said by the Liverynna Courier, to be the nearest Lake Erie that has been discovered. The stratum opened is four or six feet in thickness, and appears to indicate another of equal thickness. It is said to be as good as any in America.

AGAIN, In the Maryland State Lottery No. 13, that was drawn on Wednesday last in the city of Baltimore, No. 10713, a prize of \$500, was sold SWANN'S office, to a gentleman in this country.

CLASS, NO. 4. Maryland State Lottery, ODD & EVEN SYSTEM. By which the holder of Two Tickets, or Two Shares is CERTAINLY obtaining at least one Prize, and will draw Three, and in the same proportion for any greater quantity. The drawing will take place in Baltimore Wednesday, the 19th August.

HIGHEST PRIZE SIX THOUSAND DOLLAR SCHEME. Table with 3 columns: Prize amount, Number of prizes, Total prize value.

5251 Prizes, amounting to \$4000. Not one Blank to a Prize. The whole payable in CASH, and which is usual, can be had the moment they are drawn. Whole Tickets \$4 Quarters \$1 1/2 Halves 2 Eighths 1/4 Tickets and Shares in a variety of numbers may be had by applying to THOMAS SWANN, ANNAPOLIS.

JOSEPH JEWELL BLACKSMITH. INFORMS the citizens of Annapolis, and the Farmers in the neighborhood, that he will satisfactorily execute all work in his line, at the lowest prices for CASH. Shoeing Horses, 75 cents. Laying Floors, 75 cents. Call on him at his residence, or at the Union Street, to make a large list of patrons.

It was past the appointed hour when the husband of the prisoner was in attendance, when an old man stood forward. 'What cause,' said the alderman, 'prompted you to attempt destroying yourself?' The prisoner buried her face in the bosom of a fine little boy she held in her arms, and sobbed dreadfully for a few moments, at length raising her head, she exclaimed, wildly, 'Oh, God! did I not endure it till I could endure no longer? Did I not suffer till nature could suffer no more? Have not six long weary months passed without ever having stretched my side upon a bed? Nothing but the bare boards to lie on; nothing to cover me but day—no, not even a blanket. Did I not endure all this?—and yesterday, ay, yesterday, a two penny loaf to support five helpless children, my husband, and myself. Oh, do not blame me; I could not bear it any longer.' The husband, turning round to his wife said in a tone of earnest expostulation, 'but you should have considered that your life was not your own, and that the Being who has been pleased to visit us with our afflictions has power to relieve us. I have suffered as much as you have, yet I endured it; and surely, Mary, 'twas not kind in you to think of leaving your children motherless.—It was very wicked indeed; and I hope, sir,' added the old man, turning to the alderman, 'that you will remonstrate with her.' The alderman asked him to give some account of himself, when he made the following recital.— His name was Kenyon, and he, as well as his wife were natives of Ireland. He served an apprenticeship to a hair dresser in Dublin, whence he removed to Liverpool, where he was a house keeper for twelve years, and gained a settlement. In 1803 he came to London, and subsequently went out with the expedition under Lord Exmouth. He returned home with Lord Percy, brother to the Duke of Northumberland, after the capture of Genoa, and after a 11 years service was discharged unpensioned. He had several testimonials of character from Lord Percy and others. He worked at several respectable houses in London, but a short time ago ruptured a blood vessel in the head in consequence of which he was in Guy's Hospital, under the care of Sir Astley Cooper, and subsequently of Mr. Bransby Cooper, for a year and a half. When he was recovered he found himself destitute of every thing, and struggled through the last six months with famine and distress of the most appalling kind. He had twelve children, five of whom are still a burthen on him. He resides at No. 42, Turnmill-st. Clerkenwell, and applied to the parochial authorities there, from whom he received 1s. 9d. per week, but which was afforded him for a short period.

Ald. Garret.—Would not the parish you lived in pass you to your settlement in Liverpool? 'They would, sir,' replied Kenyon, 'but I trusted in God that I would get out of my misery and, if possible, I would either do any thing that returned as a paper.' 'I respect your feelings on that subject very much,' observed the Alder man, 'but it would be better did that than perish.' Mr. Osborne, belonging to the Bide-well Hospital, said that he recollected the female, in consequence of her having fallen down in Bridge street about four months ago, from absolute exhaustion. On that occasion Mr. O. gave her something to eat, which recovered her.

'Yes; yes,' exclaimed the prisoner, 'I have done every thing to support my children. I have hawked about half a dozen oranges, when I could get them, but the officers drove me out of the streets, and said 'twas an impostor.' 'And a day after day have I added the husband, "staked about from six in the morning, until ten at night without being able to earn a sixpence.' I have tried every thing, yet, Mary, all our sufferings were nothing compared to appearing before our God unentert for.' The alderman asked him if his wife was sober. 'She never drank a stilling since I met her,' was the reply. 'You shall have some relief for the present, said the alderman; 'but I advise you to apply to the parish to remove you to Liverpool. I also recommend you not to let your wife out of your sight, for she is evidently labouring under a state of excitement which renders it extremely dangerous to leave her by herself.'

The worthy alderman then gave him 5s, to which 3s. more were given from the box, to which were added the contributions of several gentlemen present; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the spirit of charity which extensively exerted on behalf of these unfortunate persons. If ever there was a case for its exercise, this is it.

From the Chester Upland Union, July 29. We have been politely favoured by a friend in this borough with an extract of a letter from Com. Porter, on his arrival at the city of Mexico, after the attempt to assassinate him. The account given of this affair by the Com-modore, differs in some respect from

other similar institutions, to present such motives to all who have not already acquired a taste for ardent spirits, as will induce them to refrain entirely from their use. One cause of the prevalence of this vice, is ignorance of its desolating effects upon our country. Let such facts as those which you have listened to this day, be proclaimed abroad until every ear shall hear them, and every mind be impressed with their reality. Another is its obscure and clandestine character in the early stages of its progress. Murder and robbery are well defined crimes. They are external acts; known as soon as perpetrated. Intemperance is a sensation, and many are seized up by it for destruction, before they are aware of its existence. Let a distinct and intelligible map be drawn on this road to ruin, and hung upon the door post of every habitation. Let a beacon blaze at every turn of it, and the voice of some friendly monitor warn back the crowd of heedless travellers, saying to them, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? The agent of your Society has forcibly remarked, that in this country public opinion is omnipotent. It governs the government itself. It lifts up one man and casts down another. It settles the point of duty too, even in opposition to the Scriptures and common sense. Yes, and it has power to say to this mountain of iniquity, 'be thou cast into the sea.' Now let us for our encouragement remember that this public opinion is a manageable thing. It is a blind giant that may be led. But if it be blind it is not dumb. It has the voice of a Stentor, and the hands of a Britian. Let it speak out on this subject. Trumpet-tongued, its appeal shall be heard in every lug hut beyond the mountains.'

Let public opinion once legislate upon this subject, and all difficulty is at an end. I do not say that every man who either vendors or manufactures this deleterious article, deserves to be considered as an enemy to his country. No, far from it. I believe that there are thousands of honest and virtuous men who live by this profession, without having any distinct perception of the evil, which they accomplish.—But I do believe, sir, that if the seventy millions of allons of ardent spirits which are annually poured out upon this nation, could be rolled back in flashing billows, like the returning tide of the ocean, to the stores or distilleries from which they flow, bringing with them in living shrieks an account of all the misery which they have occasioned, that they would raise a note of despair and wretchedness, and remonstrance, that might startle the conscience of the very dead.'

Mr. President, the instruments for influencing public sentiment, are abundantly within our reach. Let the press be moved. Let every weekly newspaper, every quarterly magazine, and every quarterly review, carry its appeal to the public mind. Let the pulpit pour its light upon the subject. Let every minister of the Gospel of the United States be induced to deliver a sermon once a year, on the evils and remedy of intemperance. Let parents be every where impressed with the importance of being faithful in this respect to the children that God has given them; and teachers be every where taught their duty to the pupils that are committed to their charge. Let the works which have recently been prepared by Beecher, and Drake and Humphreys, become text books in all our seminaries of learning. Let a drunkard's catechism be compiled for our Sunday and Infant schools, containing the statistics of intemperance. Let these things be done, sir, (surely they may be easily accomplished,) and the coming generation shall rise up a living rampart, to protect the honour of their fathers, and save the country.

From the American Traveller. BLOODY BRIDGE. A Tale of 1670. Near the banks of the meandering Miami, surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest, stood a decayed breastwork which bore the appellation of Fort Detroit. Here at the beginning of the Indian Summer of 1670, a body of Connecticut squatters and a company of militia resided, without fear of being molested by their savage neighbors, who had on several occasions shown their feelings to be friendly; but the news of a war between the French and English, and the sudden appearance of a French sergeant in the Indian camp, exciting the suspicion of the settlers, served to put them upon their guard. For a time, they refused to trade or even hunt with the savages—but at length, from the confidence which they entered the fort, and the good and kind treatment they had bestowed upon the child of a settler who had wandered far into the wilderness, these suspicions began to wear off, and at the commencement of the approaching harvest, they invited their red brethren to unite with them and drink of the 'stock water,' on the plains before the fort. The day at length arrived, and the thoughtless soldiers, with their wives and children, marched forth to meet their Indian assistants, who were to assemble at a certain hour upon the Bridge which connected the two shores of the river together.

REV. MR. RIDGELY'S ADDRESS Before the Young Men's Temperance Society Philadelphia.

MA. PASSIMUR.—I entirely coincide with the gentleman who has preceded me in considering it an auspicious circumstance, that the appeal which it is the intention of this Society to make to the community in which we live is to be made this day. This is the patriot's jubilee. It is celebrated through our land. The young and the old unite in its rejoicing.—It ought to be (and is) honoured throughout the world. It is our national festival.—The voice of gladness and exultation will be heard throughout our borders. Many an orator will address his fellow citizens on the subject of American Independence, and many a prayer be offered up for blessings on our country.—But it is also an humiliating fact, that the birth day of our freedom is too extensively made the mad holiday of riot and intemperance. Many a mother will this night blush for the follies of her intoxicated son; and many a wife will bow her head in silence and despair, beneath the revelings, and curses, and perhaps the blows of her drunken husband. Surely, then, a season which is thus consecrated by recollections the most hallowed; ennobled by the most generous feelings; and disgraced by practices the most dangerous and disgusting, is well chosen for the meeting of such a Society as the one that I have now the honour to address.

Sir, the Fourth of July has long been employed to commemorate our freedom; but it is in our power to aim at a higher object; for we may do much at such a time to give it permanence. If ever our country shall be overthrown, it will not be by a foreign foe. A nation that can bring one million of bayonets into the field, must ever be invincible. The navy of Great Britain, and the army of the Russians, could not endanger us. No. The only enemies which we have any reason to fear, are to be found within our own borders. Slavery is one; and the voice of a powerful combination of freemen will to day utter its warning in the nation's ear. Intemperance is another, still more awful, still more alarming. To that we speak, and in reference to that it is our privilege to act.

We have assembled this day for the purpose of solemnly reconnoitering the encampment of the foe. His host has been accurately numbered—Four hundred thousand drunkards infest our land! An army more active, and formidable than that which with which the Scythians invaded Russia, and more appalling than the combined forces of all the world besides; for they have been recruited by the Great Adversary from amongst ourselves. They are our fathers and brothers, who are carrying on a civil war against us. They are legions for our destruction and their own. It is a war of extermination that they wage. They spare neither sex nor age. They destroy every thing useful; they debase every thing holy; they degrade every thing that is noble in human life. The forces of this terrible enemy are rapidly increasing; for they are swelled by deserters from our own land in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, are seen flitting in multitudes, and in his bloody banner. They secretly undermine our liberty. They openly assail our laws.—The very ramparts of the nation tremble beneath their banishes; garrisoned in our forts; some of them have gained the very citadel of the country; and they profane in multitudes the temples of our God. The terrific enemy, against which, my brethren of the Society, we have united our strength, and whose desolating course it will be our sworn endeavour to arrest, is the most ruthless and sanguinary invader by which any people ever were harassed or assailed. He wades through an ocean of human gore—Thirty thousand of our countrymen annually fall beneath its destroying sword.—And what makes this slaughter still more awful is, that he does not kill them at once. He first takes them in his arms, decays them within his reach by falsehood and deception, binds them hand and foot, prepares them for a course of worse than Indian torture, and having by a process which I need not describe, perverted their intellects, seared their consciences, and polluted their affections, sends them back into society, (half brute, half devil,) to ravage and destroy. They are filthy as the vilest beasts, fierce, and malignant when opposed as the fiends of hell; and fitted for no place in all creation, but that place which has been 'prepared for the devil and his angels.'

Nor is this army of infuriate invaders, only to be feared because of the blood which they poured out as if it were water, upon the thirsty ground. The amount of property which is madly and wantonly destroyed by them, while they are accomplishing this work of death, swells our calculation to an amount which is wonderful and appalling. The waste which is directly produced, when taken in connection with the indirect results that are accomplished by them in the increase of pauperism—the enfeebling of intellect—the corruption of morals, the value of time lost by premature death and of that destroyed by the indolence or helplessness of living drunkards, has been estimated by an intelligent writer on the subject, to amount to something like 150 millions per annum. Such an enormous income appropriated as it might be appropriated, would make this nation the wealthiest and most powerful on the globe. In about two months it will have poured into our treasury an amount equal to the whole annual revenue of the United States. Before the half of the first year has passed a way it will have expunged the whole of our national debt. There is not the smallest extravagance in the declaration of an able writer, that it will in a few years accomplish every thing in the way of public improvement that either the comfort or caprice of this nation could desire.—It would run a canal along every water course, stretch a national road from the Bay of Passamaquoddy to the Gulf of Mexico, build a navy that would line our coast, and bid defiance to every invader, and plant a second North American Republic on the shores of the Pacific.' It would build a college in every State, an academy for every county, a common school for every township, and a church for every parish in the United States. It would make the stream of knowledge as copious, as free, and as refreshing, as the rivers that roll into the sea. And surely, Mr. President, if such an amount of property were annually wasted or swallowed up by the drunkards of this country, it may well be said that their throats are an open sepulchre.'

I need not detain you, sir, by a further discussion of the evils of intemperance. Go to our hospitals, and you will find that more than one third of the maniacs of this country, are reduced to that most deplorable condition by intemperance. Go to our poor-houses, and you will be informed that something like two thirds of our paupers are reduced to rags and wretchedness, and thrown upon the charities of the public by intemperance. Many a drunkard, as his eye rests upon the splendid habitation which our charity has erected to receive him, after he has wasted a little more property, casts off all care for to-morrow. As he surveys the affluence that surrounds him, he remembers that he has a title to a portion of that property; a portion that is sufficient to maintain him. Aye, and under the laws of the country, he has such a title as certain and well secured as if it came to him by deed or by descent. Go to our courts of justice, and there they will tell you, from actual and abundant observation, that nineteen out of twenty of the trials for robbery and murder originate in intemperance;—and if you go to our prisons and penitentiaries, you will discover that nearly that proportion of their inmates have been intemperate men. Mr. President, I will not attempt to speak to you for the considerations connected with this subject which may be gathered from eternity.—Sir, I cannot but feel that I should be utterly unable to do justice to such an appalling theme. But, if any man will take the trouble to survey the destructive operation of this vice upon the land in which we live, he will feel abundantly convinced that it is more dreadful than all the other evils with which we are afflicted—than the united desolations war, pestilence and famine. Now let it be remembered, that this flood of intemperance flows from four mountains that are to be sought for on the mountain tops of 'moderation,' which are supposed to be far above all censure. The moderation of the men who were in their prime of life thirty or forty years ago; and who had the formation of the habits and characters of those who now occupy the places on which they then stood. And with this consideration on our minds, let us ask ourselves the fearful question, 'if their moderation has produced results that are so stupendous, what will be the consequence of those who shall come after us, if our intemperance? And now, sir, the solemn inquiry presses itself upon us with awful urgency, what can we do to arrest these desolations? Can we not throw up embankments by which this flood of liquid fire can be stayed? Can we do nothing to resist the army of drunken maniacs that devastate our country? Or shall our hearts faint, and our hands hang down in utter hopelessness and despair? This would indeed be cowardly. It would be traitorous. But let us ever be remembered, that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual; and therefore mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. The shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, the sword of the Spirit—and whenever we engage in the war of reformation, let us be sure that we are 'shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.'